Bring oile to ſtir, ſnow to their colder moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and vary of their maſters,
Knowing nought like daies but following,
A plague vpon your Epelipticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe, if I had you vpon Sarum Plaine,
Ide ſend you cackling home to Camulet.

Duke. What, art thou mad olde fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.

Duke. Why doſt thou call him knaue, what's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance doth mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Duke. This is a fellow, who hauing beene praiſd
For bluntneſſe, doth affect a ſaucie ruffines,
And conſtraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be plaine,
He muſt ſpeake truth, and they will take it ſo,
If not hee's plaine, theſe kinde of knaues I know,
Which in this plainneſſe harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twenty ſilly ducking
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in ſincere verity,
Vnder the allowance of your grand aſpect.
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What meanſt thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialogue which you diſcommend ſo much; I know ſir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I wil not be, thogh I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreate me to it.

Duke.

Duke. What's the offence

Stew. I neuer gaue him an
Very late to ſtrike at me vpo
When he coniunct and flatt
Tript me behinde, being do
And put vpon him ſuch a de
That worthied him, got prai
For him attempting who wa
And in the flechuent of this
Drew on me heere againe.

Kent. None of theſe roges

Duke. Bring foorth the ſt
You ſtubborne miſcreant kn
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. I am too olde to lea
I ſerue the King, on whoſe in
You ſhould do ſmall reſpect
Againſt the grace and perſon
Stopping his Meſſenger.

Duke. Fetch foorth the ſt
There ſhall he ſit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night

Kent. Why Madam, if I w
vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knaue,

Duke. This is a fellow of th
Our ſiſter ſpeakes off, come,
Gloſt. Let me beſeech you
His fault is much, and the go
Will checke him for't; your
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt
And moſt common treſpaſſe
The King muſt take it ill, tha
In his Meſſenger, ſhould hau

Duke. Ile anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receiue
To haue her gentleman abuſ

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